

STRUT

Written by

L. A. DAMON

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TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. LAS VEGAS STRIP – ESTABLISHING – DAY

The iconic “Welcome to Fabulous Las Vegas” sign. Huge hotels. Tourists everywhere. Welcome to Sin City.

EXT. IVON’S HOUSE OF EXOTIC DANCE – DAY

No frills. Way off the strip. As STRIPPER MUSIC BLARES from inside...

INT. IVON’S HOUSE OF EXOTIC DANCE – SAME TIME

A scantily clad cocktail waitress holds an empty tray. Meet ROXIE COKER, 35, short but sexy, with flowing, blonde hair. She looks depressed. Nearby, on a small stage...

COOKIE, dressed as a Catholic School girl (think Britney in “Baby One More Time”) pole dances. She is at least ten years younger than Roxie.

COOKIE

How was the Jubilee audition?

ROXIE

The usual. Made the first cut but not the second. I’m still too damn short!

(sighs)

Why is it never just about being able to dance? Meanwhile, I’m a demon in heels! I don’t know. Maybe it’s time to throw in the towel, pursue something else.

COOKIE

You say that every other day. Besides, what do you call this?

ROXIE

Five years ago it was supposed to be a day job. Seriously, Cookie. I’m not getting any younger. Or taller.

A burly Russian man interjects from behind the bar. This is IVON, the owner of this establishment.

IVON

So maybe now you get back on that pole. You were the best, Roxie. Customers loved your stewardess.

ROXIE

Hey, Ivon. Ever heard of Martha Graham?
Julie Newmar? Twyla Tharpe? God, I'm a
dancer. A dancer dances.

Another waitress, CANDY, steps up to Roxie holding a tray containing a tequila shot. Like Cookie, she is significantly younger than Roxie.

CANDY

(hands her the shot)

Here. It's on me. If anyone needs this,
you do.

ROXIE

No thanks. Freakishly low tolerance
here. Broken fingernails? Missing keys?
Not pretty.

COOKIE

Twyla Tharpe is on "Dancing with the
Stars," right?

Roxie can't believe her ears. Frustrated, she pulls a 180 and grabs the shot, quickly downing it.

TIME CUT - LATER

Roxie, obviously drunk, has traded places with Cookie and dances on the stage. Hard. She is WORKING IT OUT! She is genuinely talented and in her element as a dancer.

The MUSIC ENDS. Someone across the room CLAPS. Roxie sees the source, a MAN sitting by himself. Surprised, to Candy:

ROXIE

Oh my God. Is that George Clooney? Tell
me that's not George Clooney.

CANDY

Where?

ROXIE

Table eight. It is! What's he doing
here? Wait, he's still single, right?
You're up, Candy.

Candy willingly switches places with Roxie, handing off her cocktail tray.

TIME CUT - LATER

Roxie serves George Clooney drinks.

ROXIE
Here you go. Two Jack and Cokes.

GEORGE CLOONEY
You're not going to make me drink alone,
are you?

Roxie drops herself next to him. As if. He raises his glass,
then notices a SMALL, COLORFUL TATTOO above her ankle. It
depicts a pair of dice: a one and a six. Lucky seven.

GEORGE CLOONEY (CONT'D)
To Vegas.

ROXIE
No. To anywhere but Vegas. It's been
one of those days. Don't ask.

TIME CUT - LATER

The table is covered with empty glasses. By now, Roxie is full-
on wasted.

ROXIE
I just want to live a normal life. With
like, meaning. And purpose. Does that
make any sense?

GEORGE CLOONEY
Totally.

ROXIE
Can I ask you a question? I read a lot
of magazines. I know most of it's bull,
but... are you single?

He smiles that winning smile, which says it all.

SLOW FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. DURANGO - MORNING

Roxie awakens from a deep slumber, totally hung over. She sees
the morning sun rising over a flat, brown prairie. She's
definitely not in Vegas anymore.

The man formerly known as George Clooney is driving. Meet BUDDY
MILLER. He's heavier than Roxie remembers, with a lot less
hair.

BUDDY
How you feelin', Mrs. Miller?

ROXIE
You're not George Clooney.

BUDDY
My God, you're right! It's Buddy.

ROXIE
Where are we?

BUDDY
Texas Panhandle. We should be home soon.

ROXIE
Did you just call me "Mrs. Miller?"

BUDDY
Traditionally the wife takes the surname
of the husband. You wanted traditional,
remember?
(a beat, she doesn't)
Check your phone.

Roxie digs her cell phone out of her purse and discovers several pictures taken from the night before...

HER POV – THE PICTURES

A series of CELL PICS depicting Roxie and Buddy at a Vegas chapel, barely able to stand... Cookie and Candy, her bridesmaids... Roxie and Buddy exchanging vows...

BUDDY
The view in Plainview can be, well, kinda plain. Yes, it's a small town. But life is good there. You'll like it, Rox. You really will.

EXT. DURANGO – SAME TIME

The Durango drives past a sign reading, "Welcome to Plainview, Texas, Pop. 3227."

ROXIE (O.S.)
Oh. My. God.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. TRAILER PARK – LATE AFTERNOON

Buddy's Durango pulls into the driveway of a modest, double-wide trailer.

Buddy's mother, MRS. MILLER, late 60's with big glasses, big hair, and a cigarette perched between her lips, appears from inside.

MRS. MILLER

Ten years later! Thought you'd never get here! So. Where's my surprise?

BUDDY

Right here, mama.

Roxie nervously steps out of the passenger seat. Mrs. Miller reacts, stunned and confused. Is this a joke?

BUDDY (CONT'D)

This is Roxie. Your new daughter in law. Surprise!

A long pause. Mrs. Miller is not amused.

MRS. MILLER

Are you trying to kill me, Buddy? You were supposed to go out there to find a job, not to get remarried.

Roxie reacts. Buddy was married before?

BUDDY

It was gonna happen at some time!

Mrs. Miller takes a deep drag of what remains of her cigarette.

MRS. MILLER

The game starts in an hour. I suggest you make yourselves presentable, pronto.

And with that she heads back into the trailer.

BUDDY

(to Roxie)

I think she likes you!

INT. BEDROOM – LATER

Buddy's room. It is clearly occupied by a bachelor. Sports posters, empty beer cans, vintage Springsteen...

Roxie sits uncomfortably on the edge of an unmade bed. She has wasted no time in calling Cookie and Candy. Off screen, BUDDY SINGS while he showers in the adjoining bathroom.

ROXIE

How could you let this happen to me!?

SPLIT SCREEN: Cookie and Candy at Ivon's, via SPEAKERPHONE:

CANDY

Sorry, Rox. We were wasted, too.

They stifle what sounds like a LAUGH. Roxie is not amused.

ROXIE

What's done is done. My big concern now is getting out of here ASAP. Meanwhile I only have five bucks on me. Five!

CANDY

That's what credit cards are for.

ROXIE

I don't have a credit card, Candy. For the same reason you don't!

COOKIE

Let us talk to Ivon. Maybe he'll front you the cash.

ROXIE

Yeah, good luck with that.

CANDY

It might take a couple of days but it's worth a try.

Suddenly, Buddy's voice calls out to Roxie:

BUDDY (O.S.)

You sure you don't want to join me?
We'll save time. Water, too!

Roxie grimaces. Then, into the phone:

ROXIE

Talk to the Russian.

MUSIC UP: A high school band plays FIGHT MUSIC...

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL STADIUM – NIGHT

It's "Friday Night Lights" in Plainview, Texas. The BAND continues to PLAY as the locals wildly cheer on their team.

Roxie and Buddy sit in the stands. Roxie is dressed for a night out... in Vegas. She wears a tight mini, spike heels, big hoop earrings. She is truly a fish out of water in this crowd.

While Buddy inhales an entire hotdog:

ROXIE

So you were married before?

BUDDY

Twice.

(re: the hot dog)

You sure you don't want one?

Roxie shakes her head, gossed out.

ROXIE

What happened?

BUDDY

First one died. She got hit by a truck.

ROXIE

(sympathetic)

That's horrible. What about the second?

BUDDY

(a beat, then)

Also hit by a truck. I know! They just go so damn fast around here!

This time, Roxie is more startled. Taken aback. Meanwhile, several rows behind them...

Meet WANDA HACKETT, 38. Conservative and trim, she has the vestiges of a Texas homecoming queen. Think Sarah Palin with bigger hair. She sits between BIG BOB, her Redneck husband, and BOOTSIE, her partner in crime. Bootsie is shorter, heavier, and butch. She wears a school guard uniform.

WANDA

Check out that woman with Buddy.

BOOTSIE

She looks like a hooker.

BIG BOB

I'd say more like a call girl.

WANDA

Bob, what is the difference? And how would you know?!

BIG BOB

(defensive)

I watch cable.

WANDA

Where on earth did he find her?

BOOTSIE

Not around here, that's for sure. I better get back to work.

She gets up and leaves. Meanwhile...

A group of SEXY CHEERLEADERS entertain people in the stands while the PLAINVIEW TITANS play on the field against a visiting team, scoring a touchdown. Meanwhile...

ON THE SIDELINES

The STRUTTERS, made up of eight girls wearing skimpy cowgirl uniforms and little, white boots, prepare to take the field. Best way to describe them? Not cheerleaders.

MEG and FRAN are among them. Meg is pretty but overweight. Her hair tied back in a ponytail. Fran is freckled and wears a mouth guard around her head.

FRAN

(to Meg, nervous)

Remind me how you talked me into this?

MEG

Okay, so it's not cheer.

FRAN

Ya think?

MEG

But it's still half time and here we are, right at the fifty-yard line.

FRAN

Meg. I'm wearing pleather boots with a piece of sheet metal orbiting my head.

MEG

Don't worry. No one will notice it from up there. Trust me, I'm your best friend.

They are interrupted by a pep talk from Mrs. Miller, who, as it turns out, is their coach. She speaks with the usual half-smoked cigarette between her lips.

MRS. MILLER

Listen up, ladies. Pay no mind to those candy-ass cheerleaders over there. Trust me, they don't have it so special. In a few years most of them will be Playboy centerfolds and proud of it! My Strutters, on the other hand, become fine, upstanding women, with pride, poise, and dignity. Just don't forget to smile!

FRAN

(to Meg)

My face hurts.

MRS. MILLER

I heard that, Fran. What do I keep telling you? Beauty knows no pain when you're a Strutter. Beauty knows no pain!

EXT. HOT DOG STAND - SAME TIME

Meet BONES, 16, high school bad boy, as he loads mustard and relish onto a hot dog.

A man steps up next to him and does the same. This is HOWARD FINCH. Late 30's, wears wireless rims and a necktie. Howard is the esteemed principal of Plainview High.

HOWARD

How was your summer, Leonard?

BONES

Oh, hey Mr. Finch. It was adequate. Only my tag? It's, uh, Bones, now.

HOWARD

Bones!? Like... dog bones?

BONES

No. Like... people bones.

HOWARD

You been staying out of trouble?

BONES

What do you think?

HOWARD

I think I don't want to see your butt in detention every day like I did last year.

BONES

Who, me? Not a chance. Later, Mr. Finch.

HOWARD

Take it easy, er... Bones.

BONES

(cocky)

Hey, I'll take it any way I can get it!

We FOLLOW Bones as he makes his way to the rear of the box office, where he joins the rest of his crew: DRY, JOE MAMA, and CARLOS.

They have just finished secretly spray-painting a blank wall.

JOE MAMA

Thoughts?

BONES

Bril.

WIDER TO REVEAL: "Dyslexics Untie!"

They are suddenly discovered by Bootsie.

BOOTSIE

What's going on back here? Are y'all responsible for this?

JOE MAMA

No.

BOOTSIE

Then what are you doing with that paint, Michelangelo?

Joe Mama is at a loss. Dry speaks up:

DRY

Inhaling it?

The others crack up and start running. Bootsie attempts to stop them but it's too late.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD/STANDS — SAME TIME

Roxie becomes serious with Buddy.

ROXIE
 Buddy, we should talk. About this. Us.
 You seem like a decent guy, but --

An ANNOUNCER'S VOICE suddenly interrupts her:

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
 And now folks, for your half-time
 pleasure, please welcome our very own
 Plainview Ssss-strutters!

MUSIC UP: "Ladies Night" by Kool and the Gang. The drill team
 struts to the center of the field, waving flags.

ROXIE
 Okay that one takes me back.

On the sidelines, Mrs. Miller barks:

MRS. MILLER
 Smile, damnit, smile!

The Strutters smile and start to dance. Meanwhile, people mull
 about in the stands. Very few pay attention except for those
 mocking them, including the cheerleaders.

Fran happens to glance up at a GIANT VIDEO SCREEN and sees
 herself in closeup, mouth guard and all.

Mortified, she stumbles, gets bopped with a flag. Then, Meg
 trips and falls. The crowd points and LAUGHS.

Roxie watching, feels bad for them.

ROXIE
 (sotto)
 That's gotta hurt.

The Strutters finish their routine, just barely. There is a
 SMATTERING OF APPLAUSE, mostly from their parents... and Buddy.

BUDDY
 (to Roxie)
 Mama's their coach.

ROXIE
 I'm getting that.

EXT. STADIUM - LATER

The game is over and the crowd disperses.

Meg and Fran, still in the Strutter uniforms, hobble toward the
 stadium exit. They look like they've just been mugged.

Meg freezes when she sees the super hot MATTHEW, team quarterback, embrace the annoyingly perfect TINA, head cheerleader.

TINA

How was I, babe?

MATTHEW

I kinda had my eye on the ball, babe.

Tina pouts.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

But I heard you killed it. Seriously. Everybody's talking.

TINA

(good answer)

I love you.

MATTHEW

Ditto.

They start to make out. Meanwhile...

Meg turns to Fran, nauseous.

MEG

Now I don't have to take my appetite suppressant. What does he see in her, anyway?

FRAN

Enough plastic to make her the most popular girl in school.

MEG

He can't be that shallow.

FRAN

Meg, he's a sports God. She's a cheerleader. They were like, born for each other --

MEG

Okay, I get it. Must you always be so annoyingly honest?

FRAN

You're my best friend, remember?

Meanwhile... Roxie, Buddy and Mrs. Miller stand nearby. Roxie notices Meg and Fran and nods affectionately, as if she recognizes something in them.

BUDDY

You girls wait here. I'll get the Dodge Durango.

He heads into the parking lot. Mrs. Miller lights up another cigarette.

MRS. MILLER

Such a dear, sweet boy. Deserves nothing but the best.

Roxie knows this dig was intended for her. Wanda, Bootsie, and Big Bob approach them.

WANDA

Mrs. Miller! Your Strutters put on quite the show tonight. I don't think anyone noticed that little... incident.

MRS. MILLER

We just got some new blood on the team. They'll get there.

ROXIE

(upbeat)

Well it looked like they were having fun. That's the point, right?

Mrs. Miller glares at her like she's crazy. Roxie recoils. Maybe not. Wanda takes the opportunity to introduce herself:

WANDA

Hello. I'm Wanda. This is my husband Bob. And Bootsie.

ROXIE

Hi. I'm Roxie.

BOOTSIE

Are you a... friend... of Buddy's?

MRS. MILLER

Ha! She's not a friend. She's his wife! Number three!

Wanda, Bootsie, and Big Bob react, stunned.

MRS. MILLER (CONT'D)

Let the record show that what happens in Vegas does NOT always stay in Vegas!

They are suddenly interrupted by Tina and Matthew. Tina is Wanda and Big Bob's only daughter.

TINA

Mom, Matthew and I are going to the Broken Spoke.

WANDA

(correcting)

Matthew and me. I want you home by midnight.

TINA

OMG, that is so Disney! I'll be home at 2:00.

WANDA

Your curfew is 12:00, Tina. Tell her, Bob.

BIG BOB

Your curfew is 12:00, Tina.

WANDA

There, did you hear your father?

TINA

Don't wait up.

With that, she goes. Just then, the Durango pulls up and HONKS.

BIG BOB

Hey, Buddy! We just heard the news! Congratulations!

BUDDY

(calling)

Thanks, Big Bob!

Mrs. Miller and Roxie start to leave. Roxie, to the group:

ROXIE

Nice meeting you all.

She and Mrs. Miller climb into the Durango while the others observe.

BIG BOB

Damn.

(then, to Wanda)

What!?

WANDA

You are such a prize.

INT. BUDDY'S BEDROOM – NIGHT

Roxie crawls into bed. Buddy, wearing just shorts, enters from the bathroom and crawls in with her. He attempts to snuggle.

ROXIE
What are you doing?

BUDDY
I believe the word is consummating.

ROXIE
Calm down. We just met yesterday.

BUDDY
Feels like a year of Sundays. Can't wait to see what's under that tail.

ROXIE
(ugh)
I don't have a tail.

She pushes him off the bed. Hears a loud THUD, then silence. A moment passes. Roxie starts to worry:

ROXIE (CONT'D)
Are you okay?

More silence, then he emerges from the floor, smiling.

BUDDY
I get it. You need some romance first.
I can do the Cupid thing but not for much longer. You'll find me across the hall if you change your mind.
(chuckles)
Women!

And he's gone. Roxie sighs with relief. Just then, the SOUND of a BIG TRUCK speeding down a nearby road...

She anxiously glances at her phone on the night stand, then:

ROXIE
(sotto)
Please. Make it happen, girls.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. SMALL BAPTIST CHURCH – ESTABLISHING

In front, a sign reads: "Walmart is not the only saving place!"

PREACHER (O.S.)

And while the rest of the world wallows
in its transgression and sin, we're lucky
here in Plainview...

INT. CHURCH – SAME TIME

The church is filled to capacity with Plainview locals. Roxie sits uncomfortably between Buddy and Mrs. Miller, both dressed in their conservative Sunday best. Roxie is wearing her Sunday best as well... for a Sunday in Vegas.

She chews gum as PREACHER FLOYD preaches. Suddenly, unexpectedly, the gum pops. Preacher Floyd glares at her.

Others stare at Roxie and whispers amongst themselves. A beat, then Preacher Floyd continues:

PREACHER FLOYD (CONT'D)

Because we know what the Baby Jesus
expects from us. We know he expects us
to live clean, humble, and decent lives.
Just like our founding father, Laurence
Elbert III, whose motto was...?

THE CONGREGATION

God, family, and football!

PREACHER FLOYD

Amen!

EXT – CHURCH – LATER

The service is over and people socialize in front of the church.

Wanda, Bootsie, and Big Bob have their eyes on Roxie, who stands with Buddy and Mrs. Miller.

WANDA

Has that woman no shame?

BOOTSIE

And right in front of our house of prayer
and safe passage.

WANDA

I mean. I wouldn't let Tina wear a skirt like that.

BIG BOB

That's 'cause you wouldn't have a choice.

Roxie notices Wanda and politely waves to her. Instead of waving back, Wanda turns, ignoring her. Roxie feels the burn.

Howard approaches.

HOWARD

Haven't seen this in a while. Two Mrs. Millers at the same time. Congrats, Buddy.

BUDDY

Thanks, Howard. This is Roxie.

Howard and Roxie shake hands.

ROXIE

News travels fast around here.

HOWARD

It is a small town. We don't get a lot of fresh faces. Wait. I meant new. New faces. Must say though, yours looks awfully familiar...

Roxie nervously looks at the ground. Does he recognize her from Vegas?

HOWARD (CONT'D)

Wait. I know. You've been on TV.

Roxie shakes her head, flattered and relieved.

MRS. MILLER

Mr. Finch is our wonderful principal at Plainview High. And a big supporter of the Strutters.

HOWARD

Sounds like someone is about to ask for money.

ROXIE

(sincere)

Let me guess: new music. I was about to suggest the same thing!

MRS. MILLER

(annoyed)

No. No! New flags.

HOWARD

Wish there was more I could do but the school board slashed my budget. Again.

MRS. MILLER

Well, you can't blame a girl for trying. Especially on a Sunday.

They laugh. Roxie laughs as well, though she's not sure why.

BACK ON WANDA, BOOTSIE, AND BIG BOB

Wanda realizes something is wrong with her shoe. She looks down, only to find a mess of chewing gum stuck to the bottom of it.

She looks back at Roxie; narrows her eyes, irritated.

INT. CHUCK WAGON BUFFET – LATER

Yes, the Chuck Wagon Buffet, Plainview's local cafeteria and culinary hot-spot.

Roxie, Buddy, and Mrs. Miller eat in silence. Mrs. Miller is still peeved about Roxie's comment.

MRS. MILLER

Enlighten me, Roxie. What exactly is wrong with our music?

ROXIE

I just thought... you might want to try something more current. Sexier. Now.

MRS. MILLER

They're teenagers, not the Dallas Cowboy cheerleaders. This may come as a surprise to you, but being a Strutter is about much more than just dancing. It's about poise. And self-respect. On the field and in life.

ROXIE

And you can't have that with... newer music?

BUDDY

(changing the subject)

How 'bout that sermon, today?

MRS. MILLER
The Strutters have been doing my
routines for 40 years. They're
legendary. A state treasure!

ROXIE
Just my opinion.

Mrs. Miller glares at her, about to burst.

MRS. MILLER
Tell me something, sister. What exactly
is it you're after? And what made you
think you'd find it here? In Plainview!?

Roxie has had enough. She turns to Buddy:

ROXIE
Could I have a minute with you? Alone?

MRS. MILLER
You can have all the time you want after
he takes me home. That's right, I've
completely lost my appetite. Don't look
surprised.

She grabs her purse and marches out of the cafeteria.

BUDDY
Mama?

Buddy starts to follow her out.

ROXIE
Buddy, don't...

Too late. Roxie watches through the window as he follows his
mother into the parking lot, where they continue to argue.

MRS. MILLER
(to Buddy)
If I wanted her damn opinion, I'd give it
to her!!!

Buddy takes his mother's arm but she pulls away and heads toward
the highway. He follows, trying to reason with her.

Roxie cell phone RINGS. She reaches into her purse and answers
it.

SPLIT SCREEN: Cookie and Candy in Vegas.

COOKIE
Good news. Ivon caved!

ROXIE

Seriously?

CANDY

There's a catch, though. You have to start doing the stewardess thing again.

ROXIE

Why am I not surprised?

COOKIE

So, we're Fed-Exing some money. You should have it by tomorrow, right?

As Roxie continues to observe the argument between Buddy and Mrs. Miller through the window:

ROXIE

If Fed-Ex can find this place.

Just then, a SUPER LOUD HONK. Then, a huge Mack truck smashes into Buddy and Mrs. Miller, completely wiping them from view.

Roxie's jaw drops.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. FREEWAY – DAY

The same sign from the teaser, "Welcome to Plainview, Texas, Pop 3227." Only this time, someone has crossed out the "27" and replaced it with "25."

MUSIC UP: A congregation singing "Amazing Grace..."

INT. CHURCH – SAME TIME

It's Buddy and Mrs. Miller's funeral. Two closed caskets sit side by side in front of the altar. Roxie, still stunned, is wearing black. And still looking damn sexy.

Everyone stands. Several past and current STRUTTERS are in attendance, many wearing their uniforms in honor of Mrs. Miller.

Meg is among them. While the other Strutters seem unfazed, even bored, Meg has real tears running down her cheeks.

Roxie sees this and reacts, puzzled and intrigued.

EXT. CHURCH – POST FUNERAL

Roxie stands off to herself as people pour out of the church. They exchange comforting hugs, though no one seems interested in paying respects to her.

Roxie observes Preacher Floyd shaking hands with other mourners.

PREACHER FLOYD

(to a mourner)

Don't forgot to come out and support our team this Friday!

Roxie shakes her head. Why does this not surprise her? Howard approaches her.

HOWARD

Roxie. I'm so sorry. We're all in a state of shock.

ROXIE

It was so sudden. And random. Not unlike this entire week.

HOWARD

I'm sure you have a lot to think about.

She nods appreciatively. Meanwhile...

From nearby, Wanda and Bootsie observe Roxie and Howard.

WANDA

That didn't take long. Buddy is barely cold and Our Lady of Sin City already has her sights on Howard.

BOOTSIE

Unless it's the other way around.

WANDA

Please. That woman's not Howard's type. He has much better taste. I should know.

BACK ON HOWARD AND ROXIE

HOWARD

If there's anything I can do - groceries, driving, whatever - please let me know.

Roxie nods appreciatively, starts to walk away when she is interrupted by a short, red-faced man, LARRY HAINES.

LARRY

Mrs. Miller? Er, Roxie?

ROXIE

Sorry. Still haven't gotten used to that name.

LARRY

You are, however, Buddy's legal wife. And he was his mother's sole heir.

ROXIE

Who are you?

LARRY

Larry Haines. Most people call me Red. Why? I have no idea. I represent the Millers and their estate. You should know that all of their assets now belong to you.

ROXIE

Assets?

LARRY

The trailer, the car, basically everything they owned. Not much but it's yours to do with what you will.

Roxie considers this.

INT. HARDWARE STORE – DAY

Roxie removes money from a Fed-Ex envelope – obviously from Cookie and Candy – and uses it to purchase a large “For Sale” sign.

EXT. TRAILER – LATER

Roxie plants the “For Sale” sign in the yard in front of the trailer. She smiles to herself, optimistic.

INT. BEAUTY SALON – DAY

Roxie sits at a manicure station, and routinely soaks her hands.

ROXIE
 (to the manicurist)
 I so need this right now. Finally,
 civilization.

The older MANICURIST, 50's, with striped hair and frosty makeup, prepares to paint Roxie's nails. This is VASHTI.

VASHTI
 Got a favorite color?

ROXIE
 Anything red. The redder the better.

Vashti nods and gets to work. Wanda and Bootsie enter the salon. Wanda sees Roxie and reacts, surprised.

WANDA
 (patronizing)
 Roxie. You must be sick with grief. So
 when are you going back to Las Vegas?

ROXIE
 Soon as the trailer sells.

WANDA
 I have an excellent realtor who can help
 you with that. You'll be on the road in
 no time.

ROXIE
 You're so helpful, Wanda.

WANDA
 Well, we look after each other here in
 Plainview. Isn't that right, Vashti?

VASHTI
(whatever)

Uh-huh.

Wanda and Bootsie proceed to a station across the salon where they prepare for their own manicures.

TIME CUT – LATER

While getting their nails done, Wanda and Bootsie get into a conversation about Buddy and Mrs. Miller:

BOOTSIE
I just hope they didn't die in pain.

WANDA
Please. It would have been nothing compared to the pain we've suffered with those Strutters.

BOOTSIE
Shame on you, Wanda!

WANDA
What? For speaking the truth? Have you seen the bodies on those girls? Poor things can barely walk straight.

BOOTSIE
So what's going to happen to them now?

WANDA
Hopefully they'll be put down, once and for all. I mean. They shoot horses don't they?

The women CACKLE.

Roxie and Vashti have overheard this. Both are visibly disturbed.

VASHTI
That's what you get when you mix a pit bull with a French poodle. Not much of an attack dog but one helluva vicious gossip.

Amused, Roxie nods in agreement. Clearly, she and Vashti are kindred spirits. Vashti finishes Roxie's nails.

VASHTI (CONT'D)
Done. What do you think?

Roxie holds up her newly red, red nails. She likes what she sees.

ROXIE
What's it called?

VASHTI
"Hell on Earth."

Roxie glances over at Wanda and Bootsie, then back at her "Hell on Earth" nails. She seems determined, as if she's come to a new conclusion...

ROXIE
Just what this town needs.

The wheels are spinning in her head...

EXT. PLAINVIEW HIGH SCHOOL – ESTABLISHING

A typical one-story, brick high school, build in the 50's.

ROXIE (O.S.)
You asked if there was anything you could do to help...

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE – DAY

Roxie sits across from Howard's desk, her legs crossed.

ROXIE
Well, I've decided to stay in Plainview.
If, of course, I can find the right job.

HOWARD
And what would that be?

ROXIE
Coaching the Strutters.

Howard nearly chokes.

ROXIE (CONT'D)
Howard, I danced for many years in Vegas.
Show business is in my blood.

HOWARD
Dealing with teenagers requires a lot of
experience.

ROXIE
Please. Some of the girls I trained were
barely 16.

Howard flinches. Roxie back-peddles:

ROXIE (CONT'D)
They looked older.

HOWARD
Your background doesn't satisfy the usual
credentials required by this district.

Roxie nods, understanding but disappointed.

HOWARD (CONT'D)
Which means... we might actually be able
to afford you. You do seem perfect for
the job.

Roxie beams. She's thrilled.

HOWARD (CONT'D)
I should warn you, though. The Strutters
aren't known for their ability to...

ROXIE
Strut?

HOWARD
Among other things.

ROXIE
I've seen them.

EXT. MAIN OFFICE - SAME TIME

Howard's private office door opens and he emerges with Roxie.

HOWARD
See you on Monday. And don't say I
didn't warn you.

ROXIE
Fingers crossed. Thanks again for the
opportunity.

Across the room, Bones, Dry, Joe Mama and Carlos sit in the
detention area. Roxie notices them.

ROXIE (CONT'D)
(to Howard)
Let me guess: trouble?

HOWARD
Detention. Lifers. They keep my job
interesting.

The boys react, curious and impressed. Roxie exits and Howard returns to his office. Once she's gone:

BONES
 (to the others)
 Please tell me that's the new nurse.

The others agree, prompting the elderly SCHOOL SECRETARY to SHUSH them.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Howard parks in front of an upscale, Texas ranch house. This is Wanda and Big Bob's residence.

INT. WANDA'S LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Wanda's jaw hangs open. Howard has obviously just broken the news about Roxie and the Strutters.

WANDA
 She was supposed to be going back to Vegas!

HOWARD
 Not anymore. She's perfect for the job, Wanda. In fact, she used to be a professional dancer.

WANDA
 Are asking me or telling me?

HOWARD
 You're the president the of the school board. You know I won't hire anyone without your approval.

They are suddenly interrupted by the sight and sound of Big Bob BLENDING ice in the adjoining kitchen. Wanda reacts, annoyed:

WANDA
 Bob! Can you please not do that right now?

Big Bob finishes. Proceeds to pour himself a Margarita.

WANDA (CONT'D)
 How many have you had, anyway?

BIG BOB
 Just four.

WANDA
 It's two in the afternoon!

BIG BOB
I'm thirsty, woman! Want one, Howard?

HOWARD
No thanks. I'm still on the clock.

Wanda hastily closes the kitchen door, shutting Bob out. She returns to Howard and the subject at hand.

WANDA
(shakes her head)
It's a bad idea, Howard. You've seen how she dresses, how she carries herself. What kind of example would that set for the kids?

HOWARD
At least she doesn't smoke.
(Wanda is stumped)
Let's give her a month, see how it goes. Come on, Wanda. Work with me here.

She looks into his eyes. It's hard for her to say no to him.

WANDA
We made a pretty good team once, didn't we?

HOWARD
That was a long time ago.

WANDA
Not for me. Remember how you so effortlessly played Romeo to my Juliet in senior year? "I shall forget, to have thee still stand there, rememb'ring how I love thy company."

HOWARD
Good memory.

WANDA
I could never forget that line.

Wanda gazes longingly into Howard's eyes. A beat, then:

HOWARD
I should get back to work. Tell Bob I said bye.

Wanda snaps out of her daze. Howard leaves, closing the door behind him. Once he's gone, she leans against the door and sighs, closing her eyes.

Suddenly, the BLENDER starts up again. Wanda's eyes pop open. Back to reality.

EXT. TRAILER – AFTERNOON

Roxie removes the "For Sale" sign from the front yard.

ROXIE (O.S.)

So are you sitting down? I'm staying.

INT. LIVING ROOM – TRAILER – SAME TIME

Roxie is on the phone with Cookie and Candy, holds a glass of red wine. She looks settled in.

SPLIT SCREEN: Cookie and Candy in Vegas.

COOKIE

Okay, you need to lay off the crack.

CANDY

Roxie, you wanted out of there!

ROXIE

I know but things have changed. I'm single again. And I own a home. On wheels!

COOKIE

Ivon's not going to be happy.

ROXIE

He'll get his money back. C'mon, guys. A little support? Change is a good thing.

CANDY

Yeah, when it comes to men.

COOKIE

Or makeup.

CANDY

But Plainview? What are you going to do there?

Roxie smiles with anticipation. Her plan is in motion.

INT. SCHOOL – MORNING

Roxie, wearing a sexy, leather skirt and stiletto heels, makes her way down a hallway. The walls are adorned with posters and flyers advertising the upcoming Halloween dance.

She passes several students by their lockers. They stare at her in disbelief. Roxie approaches the security guard.

ROXIE

Excuse me, sir...

(surprised)

Oh! It's Bootsie, right? Where can I find the gymnasium?

BOOTSIE

(flustered)

It's... uh... down... that way...

ROXIE

Could you be just a little more specific?

BOOTSIE

That way and to the left.

ROXIE

Thanks. I'm loving you in those rodeo boots, by the way. Is that how you got your name?

Bootsie shakes her head, puzzled. An awkward moment.

ROXIE (CONT'D)

Well then.

And she goes. Bootsie can't take his eyes off Roxie. After a moment she realizes the students around are mocking her.

BOOTSIE

What are you kids staring at? Go on, get to class! I've got mace and I'm not afraid to use it!

They quickly scatter.

INT. GYMNASIUM - MORNING

The Strutters stare incredulously at Roxie as she calls roll:

ROXIE

Fran Grey?

FRAN

(barely audible)

Here?

ROXIE

You got a sore throat, Fran? Let's have some personality in that "here."

FRAN

Here.

ROXIE

What's that?

FRAN

Here! Here! Here!

ROXIE

So you are. Meg Manderson?

MEG

Here!

ROXIE

And finally, Lolita Snyder.

A bitter goth chick – black hair, black lips, black nails – raises her hand. Meet LOLITA.

LOLITA

Present.

ROXIE

Only eight? How many auditioned?

The girls exchange bewildered glances. No one responds.

ROXIE (CONT'D)

What?

MEG

No one auditions. We just signed up. Cheer wouldn't have us so here we are.

Roxie nods. She's been there; she gets it.

ROXIE

Right. My name is Roxie Coker. If you haven't figured it out by now, I'm your new coach. Mrs. Miller may no longer be with us, but the Strutters aren't going anywhere. Now, I know it was hard losing such an inspirational person, especially so suddenly.

The girls seem nonplussed.

ROXIE (CONT'D)

Or maybe not. Why don't you show me what you were working on before the, um, tragedy.

TIME CUT – LATER

A hand pops a cassette – yes, a cassette – into an archaic boom box. A moment, then the SOUNDS OF THE 70s fill the room.

The Strutters begin to dance. This particular number involves a single prop – a parachute – which the girls rhythmically hurl into the air, creating a mushroom cloud effect. Roxie's reaction is somewhere between fear and disbelief.

ROXIE

Okay, I think I get it. You can stop now. Stop. Now.

Lolita turns off the music.

ROXIE (CONT'D)

How many of you have studied dance?
Ballet? Jazz? Tap?

No hands.

ROXIE (CONT'D)

Right. Well then. Let's start at the very beginning, a very good place to start.

INT. BOILER ROOM – LATER

Roxie and the Strutters stand in front of a burning school furnace. Roxie rummages through a box of cassette tapes.

ROXIE

"We Are The World." You actually danced to this!?

They nod guiltily. Roxie tosses it into the furnace, selects another tape.

ROXIE (CONT'D)

"Copa Cabana." Retro is cool but there have to be limits. Sorry, Bar, just too long ago when there used to be a show.

It, too, goes into the furnace. Again, Roxie selects a tape.

ROXIE (CONT'D)

"Carpenters Gold." Way too depressing.

LOLITA

Can I have it!?

INT. GYM – DAY

Another day, another rehearsal. Roxie has brought her I-Pod and two powerful speakers.

ROXIE

(to the team)

It begins with the music. Dance is an interpretation of how the music makes you feel. You got bad music, you get bad dance. Good music, good dance. It's that simple; there's no mystery.

Meg leans in to Fran and whispers:

MEG

Is that a tattoo on her ankle?

FRAN

I think so.

MEG

Awesome.

Meanwhile...

Roxie fires up her I-Pod. A DRIVING, CONTEMPORARY BEAT fills the gym as Roxie takes the center floor.

She closes her eyes and rolls her shoulders. For the first time since Vegas, she's back in her element.

ROXIE

Pretty soon the music invades your soul. It's pointless to fight it. Every moment is screaming for release, to be set free.

She grinds her hips from side to side. The girls exchange bewildered looks.

ROXIE (CONT'D)

Then your mind and body come together as one. Mind and body, body and mind.

Fran raises her hand.

FRAN

I don't think I can do that.

ROXIE

Why not?

FRAN

My mind and my body hate each other.

TIME CUT – LATER

Break time. While the girls rest up in the bleachers, Meg approaches Roxie, who scrolls through music on her i-Pod.

MEG

Coach? I noticed the tattoo.

ROXIE

It was a present I gave myself when I got my first dancing gig in Vegas.

MEG

Where was the gig?

ROXIE

At, uh, the Sands. Very famous hotel. Which is now a giant mall. So what about about you? Where's your tat?

Meg shakes her head. Obviously, she doesn't have one.

ROXIE (CONT'D)

Let me guess: your mom won't let you get one till you're 18.

MEG

My mom died. Almost four years ago. Cancer.

Roxie pauses, moved.

ROXIE

I lost my mother, too. Right around your age. Car crash. It's tough. I know.

Meg nods quietly, then:

MEG

You're half right, though. My dad won't let me have one. Till I'm 30.

ROXIE

What would you get?

MEG

A dolphin, most def. They're so smart and cute. And way more evolved than humans. Sometimes they save people from drowning.

ROXIE

(a beat, then)

Do me a favor? Call me Roxie.

Meg smiles and nods. A very real and unique connection between her and Roxie is born.

TIME CUT – LATER

Break's over and Roxie watches the girls struggle through a routine she just taught them. Already there is some improvement – spinning in sync, hands in the air.

ROXIE

Better guys, but I'm concerned about the attitude. Or lack of it. Where's the sexy?

(then)

Meg. Lose the pony tail.

Meg quietly, cautiously removes the band that is pulling back her hair. It falls over her shoulders.

ROXIE (CONT'D)

Gorgeous. It needs to cascade over your shoulders. Rewind – it deserves to cascade over your shoulders. Like this.

She demonstrates, shaking her head. Hot.

ROXIE (CONT'D)

As for the rest of you, no more smiling. We are not Miss Teen USA. Smiling is un-sexy!

The girls nod, happy to lose their smiles.

ROXIE (CONT'D)

Again, from the top.

MUSIC is re-cued. The girls repeat the routine, this time without smiling. The difference is immediate. They look sexier, especially Meg.

Roxie nods approvingly, then repeats something Meg said on her first day:

ROXIE (CONT'D)

(sotto)

So here we are.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL GYM – NIGHT

Decorated for a Halloween party, which is in full swing, filled with COSTUMED STUDENTS and a few faculty CHAPERONES.

Bones and his crew enter the party dressed as popular movie maniacs: Freddy Kruger, Leatherface, Jason, and Michael Myers. Bone scans the crowd, then:

BONES

Oh shit.

REVERSE – A sea of identical maniacs.

DRY

Told you we should have been dead celebrities.

Meanwhile...

Meg, Fran, and Lolita stand against the far wall, removed from the action. Meg and Fran are dressed as 20's flappers, Lolita is a Gothic nun. They look bored.

FRAN

I never liked Halloween.

LOLITA

Just another day for me.

MEG

(sees Matthew)

Oh my God, Matthew Jayes is not-so-slowly moving in this direction!

FRAN

(sarcastic)

Quick, flash him your boobs!

MEG

If I had 'em, I would.

LOLITA

Dude, you have got to stop putting yourself down when you have friends who'll do it for you.

Meg nods, makes sense. Wait. No it doesn't.

Matthew walks directly past Meg without noticing her. He joins Tina near the punch bowl. Of course, she's a Playboy Bunny.

MATTHEW

(to Tina)

You look amazing.

TINA

That's my job!

Meg sighs, disappointed, as she watches him lead to Tina onto the crowded dance floor.

MEG

What is my problem? He's like, Matthew Jayes. I'm a Strutter. On what planet would I not be invisible to him?

Fran and Lolita exchange knowing glances. No comment this time.

Just then, they are approached by Roxie. She wears a snake-skinned body suit and holds an apple. Yes, she's the snake from the Garden of Eden.

ROXIE

Girls, you look sss-stunning. Why are you not dancing?

LOLITA

(as if)

With all these users, losers, and self-abusers?

MEG

No one asked us.

ROXIE

Because no one knows you're here? Call me crazy but I suspect that wall will hold up on its own.

She walks off. The girls promptly move away from the wall. Within moment, however, their discomfort is evident and they return right back to the social safety of where they were. Meanwhile...

Bones and his crew kick it amongst themselves on the dance floor. Their style is energetic and unique, a blend of hip-hop and breaking.

Roxie watches them, impressed. Really impressed.

Howard approaches her. He isn't wearing a costume, just the usual specs, sports jacket, and tie.

HOWARD
 (re: Roxie's apple)
 Can I have a bite?

ROXIE
 Do so at your own risk.

She hands it to him and he takes a bite. It turns out to be a fake apple.

HOWARD
 It's plastic!

ROXIE
 I said at your own risk.

Howard is amused. A student walks by dressed like Howard: same specs, sports coat, and tie.

STUDENT AS HOWARD
 "Let's go people. Get to class."

HOWARD
 (to Roxie, confused)
 Who's he supposed to be?

Roxie suspects Howard is kidding. He grins. He is.

ROXIE
 Let's have a dance, Mr. Finch.

HOWARD
 Not a good idea. I'm the principal?

ROXIE
 Don't be so old school. Come on...

Howard gives in. The truth is... he actually wants to. He takes Roxie's hand and erratically swings her around, pulling a couple of spastic Travolta moves.

Roxie realizes that Howard is, in fact, a terrible dancer. (Memories of Elaine on "Seinfeld.") Looking around, she realizes he is being mocked.

ROXIE (CONT'D)
 You're right. Your students shouldn't see you like this.

HOWARD
 What's the problem?

ROXIE

No problem. I'll lead for a while. It's my turn.

He goes along with her. Roxie takes the lead, and Howard begins to dance with more ease. It's all good now. Their eyes lock. A heartbeat passes. Meanwhile...

Bones and his crew continue dancing. A jock, TROY, dressed as a cowboy, accidentally bumps into Bones. Troy is surrounded by his own crew of FELLOW JOCKS.

TROY

Dude!?

BONES

Sorry, Yosemite Sam.

TROY

What's your problem?!

BONES

Uh, you're a spaz and you can't dance?

Bones keeps dancing, defiant. Troy does the same. Others around them clear a space. A dance-off ensues, a la "You Got Served."

Joe Mama, Dry, and Carlos step up and take their turns, subjecting Troy's crew to their own skillful moves, flipping... turning... spinning on their heads...

Nearby, Howard and Roxie continue to dance.

ROXIE

So what do people do for fun in Plainview? Other than watch football and go to church?

HOWARD

You obviously haven't experienced the joy and rapture of the Chuck Wagon Buffet.

ROXIE

Oh, but I have. That's where I became a widow.

HOWARD

Right. Sorry.

ROXIE

Don't be.

(re: his dancing)

You're doing well!

They are suddenly interrupted by Wanda.

WANDA

Trick or treat?

HOWARD

(surprised)

Wanda. This is unexpected. What brings you here?

WANDA

I wanted to check on Tina. Don't tell her, though. She'll think I'm spying.

ROXIE

Which you are.

Wanda is not amused. A beat, then changes the subject:

WANDA

How's it going with the Strugglers, Roxie? Did I say that? I meant Strutters.

Roxie is offended by the dig but tries to maintain:

ROXIE

I just wish they had more experience. And that there were more than eight.

WANDA

Well. If wishes your horses. Look at the bright side: last year there were only six.

(to Howard)

Those were impressive moves, Howard. I didn't know you had it in you.

Howard grins sheepishly. The moment prompts Roxie to give pause. Is there a history between them? Meanwhile...

Back to the dance-off, where Bone's crew is killing Troy's crew and everyone knows it. Frustrated, Troy deliberately shoves Bones, knocking him off his game.

Within a second, a fight breaks out. Both crews get into the action. Howard, Roxie, and Wanda reacts:

HOWARD

Welcome to our school dances, Roxie.

He goes to break it up. Roxie follows. Wanda remains safely in place.

WANDA

Howard, be careful -

She observes as the fight becomes a full-on melee.

Roxie handily grabs Troy by the neck, twists his arm behind his back and pins him to the floor with her knee. She's obviously been in enough Vegas brawls to know how to deal with this kind of chaos.

Wanda reacts, surprised.

WANDA (CONT'D)

(sotto)

Who is that woman!?

INT. SCHOOL - NEXT DAY

Bones removes magazines - not textbooks - from his locker. He sports a shiny black eye. He closes the door, only to find Roxie standing behind it.

ROXIE

How's the eye?

BONES

Better than that jackass Troy's.

ROXIE

It's Leonard, aka Bones, right?

He nods, uncertain about her intent.

ROXIE (CONT'D)

Question: where did you and your friends learn to dance like that?

BONES

Around. Clubs. Parties.

ROXIE

Ever consider dancing in front of people?

BONES

What was last night?

ROXIE

Sorry, I meant performing. With other performers. You and your crew.

BONES

Completely. Lost.

ROXIE
I'm talking about the Strutters.

BONES
(is she mental?)
Dudes don't make pretty Strutters.
Actually, those chicks don't either. I'm
gonna be late for, uh, detention.

ROXIE
(different tack)
What year are you in, Bones?

BONES
Senior!

ROXIE
And last year?

BONES
Senior.

ROXIE
So why sit in detention for the rest of
your life when you could be dancing? And
getting A's while you're at it.

BONES
You can do that?

ROXIE
Drill team counts as Phys Ed. All you
have to do is show up and participate.
Sounds like a deal to me.

Bones isn't sold. A beat, then:

ROXIE (CONT'D)
I've read your files - I'm faculty, I can
do that - and I know your weakness has
always been reading and writing.

BONES
I'm not stupid.

ROXIE
Of course, you're not. You're dyslexic.
My best friend in high school was
dyslexic. I get it.

BONES
(defiant)
Why do you even care?

ROXIE

Because I like the way you dance.

For once, Bones is speechless.

ROXIE (CONT'D)

Look. You don't have to decide right now. Just think about it. And try to have an open mind. What have you got to lose?

BONES

Uh, my life?

Bones nods and leaves. Roxie watches him go, unsure as to whether she got through to him.

CLOSEUP - BONES

Moving down the hall, actually considering her offer...

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

INT. BASEMENT GAME ROOM – DAY

Bones, Joe Mama, and Carlos play video games while passing a joint.

BONES

And then she said she'd give us A's.
Just for dancing. How sick is that?

JOE MAMA

I dunno. Getting an A isn't such a big
thing.

BONES

How would you know?

JOE MAMA

My sister got lots of 'em. And look at
her, she's a complete 'tard.

DRY

Tru dat.

BONES

Me, personally? I wouldn't mind
graduating already.

DRY

And do what? Get a job? I hear "Tasty
Taco" is hiring.

BONES

Dude, that's not cool!
(takes a hit, then)
What are they paying?

JOE MAMA

(to Bones)

So what? Are you saying we're not good
enough for you anymore?

Bones hesitates, unsure.

CARLOS

*Mi familia me apretara los huevos si me
vieran usando una vestido.*

SUBTITLES: "My family will crush my testicles if they see me
wearing a dress."

BONES

Anyone get that?

They shake their heads. This is routine for them.

BONES (CONT'D)

Just think about it, that's all I'm saying.

He walks out. The others exchange glances. A beat, then:

JOE MAMA

Did you think about it?

DRY

(nods)

I thought about it.

JOE MAMA

Done.

CARLOS

Finito.

INT. GIRL'S LOCKER ROOM - MORNING

The Strutters suit up for rehearsal. Suddenly, the door swings open and Bones blows in.

BONES

Is this the place?

The girls SCREAM and run for cover. Except for Lolita, who stares him down.

BONES (CONTD) (CONT'D)

Jesus. Why didn't you warn me?

LOLITA

Let me guess: you've never seen a piercing?

BONES

Not there. Did it hurt?

LOLITA

Hello? That was the point.

Roxie rushes in. She is pleased to know Bones has changed his mind and is on the team.

ROXIE

(points)

Not that you'd have any reason to know,
but the boys' locker room is over there.

BONES

I thought this was supposed to be a team.

ROXIE

Nice try. Over there, Bones.

He goes. Meg and Fran sigh with relief. Lolita shrugs.

LOLITA

Total virgin.

MEG

You think?

LOLITA

So obvious.

MONTAGE – STRUTTERS IN TRAINING

- The team exercises, stretches. Bones has no trouble doing a perfect split, while poor Meg can barely lower herself halfway...

- Roxie takes measurements for Bones' uniform. He smiles seductively at Lolita as Roxie measures his inseam. Lolita feigns a yawn...

- Roxie displays the proper way to shimmy. The Strutters follow her lead. Bones opts to break out and do his own hip hop thing, which is impressive...

- Bootsie observes through a glass partition. She calls Wanda on her cell. SPLIT SCREEN:

BOOTSIE

I kid you not. She's got a boy on the Strutters.

WANDA

Now I've heard everything. Since when are boys on drill team?!

BOOTSIE

Since... now?

- Meg is now down to a perfect split. Others applaud. Problem: she can't get back up, and the others help to lift her. Meanwhile, from a distance...

Dry, Joe Mama, and Carlos observe Bones rehearsing with the team, laughing and making fun of him. He does his best to ignore them. This is not lost on Lolita.

EXT SCHOOL PARKING LOT – DAY

Bones approaches Joe Mama, Dry, and Carlos in the parking lot.

BONES

Sup bitches?

DRY

Where you been, man?

JOE MAMA

Where do you think? Our boy doesn't have time for us anymore. Too busy doing those homo high kicks.

BONES

You're douchiness has reached a new high, Joe.

JOE MAMA

Dude, people are starting to talk, I'm just saying.

BONES

Dude, I'm just dancing. Like you could be doing.

DRY

Dude, don't start with that trifling shit again.

BONES

Dude, we're not the "promise of America's future." We're not "shining examples of our generation." But we're here. And we can dance. I want – I need – to do something I know I'm good at. Why is that so hard to understand?

No response. The others relate to what Bones just said but don't want to admit it. Frustrated, Bones leaves.

INT. SCHOOL CORRIDOR – CONTINUOUS – DAY

Bones heads for his locker, passing Troy (who has two black eyes) and his crew.

TROY

Check it. "America's got gay talent."

Others LAUGH. Bones pauses, turns.

BONES
You didn't get enough at the dance, Troy?

Troy seethes but remains quiet.

BONES (CONT'D)
That's what I figured.

He turns to go. Then, behind his back:

TROY
Faggot.

That's it. Bones spins around and attacks Troy. Within moments, three other JOCKS get into the act and start beating on Bones, outnumbering him four to one.

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT - SAME TIME

From his point of view, Joe Mama realizes that Bones is taking a beating inside the school.

JOE MAMA
Our kid's in trouble.

Joe Mama, Dry, and Carlos immediately rush to Bones' defense, joining in the fight.

INT. GYM - LATER

Roxie sits in the bleachers and peruses a drill team catalogue, obviously shopping for possible new uniforms.

BONES (O.S.)
Coach, my boys changed their minds.

Roxie looks up to find Bones and the others in the doorway. They look tattered and torn. And determined.

ROXIE
Better late than never. What are you names?

DRY
I'm Dry.

ROXIE
Last name?

DRY
Ice.

ROXIE
Any relation to Vanilla?

No response.

ROXIE (CONT'D)
Before your time. I hate being old. And
what about you?

JOE MAMA
Joe Mama.

ROXIE
Uh, my mama?

JOE
No, Joe. Mama

ROXIE
Got it. I assume you have surnames but
we can cross that bridge later.
(on to Carlos)
And finally...?

CARLOS
*Mi nombre es Carlos Juan Hernandez y soy
diecisiete y venido dee San Miguel de
Allende.*

SUBTITLES: "Carlos."

ROXIE
(to the others)
Does he speak English?

BONES
We're still not sure.

ROXIE
Bueno.

INT. GYM – NEXT DAY

The girls hang out, waiting to start practice. Roxie leads the
guys onto the floor.

ROXIE
Listen up, Strutters. Our little team
just got bigger. Let's get this party
started!

The girls exchange unsure glances. Roxie smiles with
anticipation. MUSIC UP: Scissor Sisters' infectious
"Filthy/Gorgeous..."

SCISSOR SISTERS
*"WHEN YOU'RE WALKIN' DOWN THE STREET AND
 A MAN TRIES TO GET YOUR BUSINESS..."*

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD – MORNING

TILT DOWN from a big, blue sky to reveal the STRUTTER GIRLS continuing to dance/rehearse on the empty field. It is morning and hardly anyone else is around.

The MUSIC SHIFTS and the guys make their choreographed entrances. The moment is electrifying. The inclusion of the guys has already altered the team. Though they're not great, their vibe is sexy and different. Bones smiles seductively at Lolita, indicating more to come.

Meanwhile, VARIOUS CHARACTERS are on or around the field, jogging on the track, hanging out under the stands, walking through the parking lot...

They are drawn to the music and curiously appear from different areas of the field and stands, becoming increasingly aware of a new energy on the field.

They include: Matthew and Troy, both look surprised... Tina and Dixie (fellow cheerleader), looking concerned, even a little threatened... Howard, impressed... Wanda (sitting in her SUV, disapproving... and finally Roxie, optimistic.

SCISSOR SISTERS
*" 'CAUSE YOU'RE FILTHY, AND I'M
 GORGEOUS.../ YOU'RE DISGUSTING, AND
 YOU'RE NASTY..../ AND YOU CAN GRAB ME,
 'CAUSE YOU'RE NASTY..."*

The song comes to a climactic end. The team holds in final position. Silence. For everyone there, a very real change is in the wind...

END OF PILOT